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A GARLAND OF *New Songs*,

CONTAINING

1. *The Lammy.*
2. *Picnickery.*
3. *Jenny's Bawbee.*
4. *John Bull my honeſt jo, John.*

NEWCASTLE:
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THE
LAMMY.

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy.
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy,
I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy,
I gat her down in yonder howe
Smiling, on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bairn,
My boy Tammy,
I prais'd her een fae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek, her chert mou,
I pree'd it aft, as ye may true,
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammy,
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishen and gear,
Ye'se get it a' wan't ten times mair,
'Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face,
I maunna leave my mammy.
She's ge'en me meat, she's ge'en me claes,
She's ge'en me comfort a' my days,—
My father's dea h brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
My ain kind hearted lammy,
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days,
The wee thing gies her hand, and says,—
There—gang and aſk my mammy.

Has ſhe been to kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her eye';
But, O! ſhe's but a young thing,
Juſt come frae her mammy.

PICNICKERY.

SURE ſuch a day ſo pacifically glorious,
Such a day as this was never ſeen;
Peace over War is decidedly victorious,
Friendſhip, mirth, and jollity adorn the ſcene.
Such a night all over light, tranſpareucy, & trickery,
Within doors all harmony, fun, frolic, & Picnickery
Hob or nob, have at you bob, a ſong or elſe a ſentiment,
Prithee Hoſt, explain the toſt,—why, Sir, I peace and plenty meant.
Silence, attention a ditty from the alderman,
Yes, Sir, 'tis you I call upon, then pray begin.—
Hem! Really I very ſeldom attempt a ſong, but as its a day of Peace I'll ſing the 'Soldier tir'd of Wars Alarms,' *or what do you think, Alderman, of a Duett? aſk Miſs Squintum for* 'Caſt, my Love, thine Eyes around,'—*who, me Sir, you do me too much honour,—Do I; why then*
Silence attention, Miſs Squintum and the alderman
Together met, a nice duett will gaily ſing.

Bravo! braviſſimo! our Army and our Navy,
We'll drink tho' whoſe exertions we this moment ſee
I'll fill a glaſs to ev'ry one before I cry peccavi,
Alive or dead, abroad, at home, then join with me:
Here's Howe, Duncan, Vincent, Nelſon, Sydney Smith, and Hood, Sirs,
Abercrombie, Hutchinſon, and Moore, that are as good, Sirs,
Mitchell, Warren, Bridport. Trollop, Gardner, and Riou, Sir,
All the Lads in India, and thoſe in Egypt, too, Sir,
Montague, and Hamilton, and Falkner, and Hervy,

Whoſe honeſt fame
We'll loud proclaim,
With three times three.

I'll give you, ſays Commodore Trunnion, 'May the Peace they have fought for be as permanent as the Honour they have gained. *Thankye, Commodore. A Song from Mr Fribble,* 'When Wars alarms,' *don't be ripping up old grievances ſays an Iriſh gentleman, I'll give you P E A C E, that's P for Peace, E eſtabliſhed, A C in all Countries; and what's the E for, why for ever you blockhead to be ſure; ah, but you could not end it without the E, ſo much the better, I left it out on purpoſe, Peace ſhould have no end but the beginning, and the devil fly away with him who would begin to end it any other way; d'ye think ſo,—why then*

Bravo! braviſſimo! our Army and our Navy,
We'll drink tho' whoſe exertions we this moment ſee

Now louder and louder with joy the table ringing,
Each jolly ſoul, for paſtime, with each other vieing
'The Manſion of Peace' next, a pretty gemman ſinging,
A ſailor 'Ceaſe rude Boreas' to him replies:
A Jew, to offend ſuch good company, unwilling,
Sings 'Abraham Newland,' and calls for 'the Laſt Shilling;'
'Within a Mile of Edinburgh,' you have from a Scotchman,
And 'Jolly Dick the Lamplighter,' he calls for 'the Watchman;'
While 'God ſave the King,' and 'the Snug little Iſland,
Are chorus'd, Una voice, ere they bid good bye.—

'Hope you've been well entertained mem?' can't ſay, indeed, mem, the place is ſo full mem. 'O dear, I'm ſure there were only 478 in one room, to be ſure, the 51 card tables took up ſome ſpace, but that's nothing to what you'll ſee at my Maſquerade;' Indeed, mem, 'Yes, indeed,'—why then

Sure ſuch a meeting ſo very rory toryous,
As ſuch a night beats any ſight I wiſh to ſee.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I Met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,
I ſpeer'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,
What are they theſe we ſee!
Quoth he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
Thinks himſel cunning as the de'il,
And here they cam' awa' to ſteal;
Jenny's Dawbee.

The firſt, a captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd ſcull, and back weel clad,
March'd roun' the barn, and by the ſhed,
And papped on his knee;
Quoth he, 'my goddeſs nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een,
But de'il a beauty had he ſeen,
But Jenny's Bawbee.

A morlan' laird neiſt trotted up,
Wi' baſſan'd nag, and ſiller whup,
Cry'd, 'here's my beaſt lad had the grup,
Or tie him to a tree;
What's goud to me, I wealth o' lan'
Beſtow on ane o' worth your han',
He thought to pay what he was awn;
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A lawyer neiſt wi' bletherin' gab,
Wi' ſpeeches wove like ony web;
In ilk ane's corn he took a daub,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed thro' a' the town,
And tradeſmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown,
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

Quite ſpruce, juſt frae the waſhing tubs,
A fool came neiſt, but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And ſair beſmear'd was he;
He danc'd up, ſqintin' through a glaſs,
And grinn'd, 'I' faith a bonny laſs,'
He thought to win wi' front o' braſs,
Jenny's Bawbee.

She bad the laird gae kaim his wig,
The ſoldier not to ſtrut ſae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig,
The fool he cry'd 'tee hee,
'I ken'd that I could never fail,'
But, ſhe prinn'd the diſh clout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water pail,
And kept her Bawbee.

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' ſenſe,
Although he had na many pence,
He took young Jenny to the ſpence,
Wi' her to crack a wee;
Now, Johnny was a clever chiel,
And here his ſuit he preſs'd ſae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew ſaft as jeel,
And ſhe birl'd her Bawbee.

John Bull my honeſt Jo, John.

JOHN Bull, my honeſt Joe, John,
Your Conſtitution's good,
By ſea you ne'er was beat, John,
And many a bruſh you've ſtood;
Long have you fought by land, John,
Your locks are like the ſnow,
And France unjuſtly blames you, John
For ſtriking the firſt blow.

John Bull, my honeſt Joe, John,
Ne'er mind this French deceit,
Both Spaniard, Dutch, and Swede, John,
You did of old defeat;
French Infidels you'll drub, John,
To fight them never ceaſe,
Till they their conduct alter, John,
Ne'er treat with them for Peace.

You have an able Pilot, John,
Your ſailors are true ſtuff,
Juſt point at what you want, John,
To them,—that's quite enough;
Your Volunteers and Yeomen,
Your ſoldiers, John, are brave,
They firmly ſtand to guard the land,
Their Country's rights to ſave.
They're [illegible] times, John,
They're of another hue,
They pant to fight for you, John,
They're to their country true;
Their Altars, King, and Laws, John,
They boldly will maintain,
In ſpite of modern traitors, John,
And impious Tom Paine.

Your Laws protect the Prince, John,
The Peaſant and the Peer,
Your Charters they are old, John,
And coſt our Fathers dear;
Then ay ſtick faſt by them, John,
Whate'er French Conſuls ſay,
Your own good ſenſe muſt tell you, John,
They're upſtarts of a day.

Then, come like Britiſh heroes,
Let's climb the hill together,
And pull away, my hearts of oak,
The ſtorm we ſoon ſhall weather;
If Bonaparte invades us
With all his threatening hoſt,—
Unite,—be firm,—where'er they land,
We ſoon will clear the coaſt.

FINIS.